

ODDITIES IN THE NEWS

Brushed Off—

Birmingham, Ala.: A Negro approached George Watkins of Woodstock, Ala., on the street and brushed the dust off his suit. Watkins later discovered his wallet—containing \$45—missing.

Looking Asead—

Philadelphia, Pa.: Mrs Edith Graff expressed anxiety over the unsteady pistol held against her by a trembling bandit in a drug-store holdup. "He's got a right to be nervous, lady," his confederate said. "He's getting married next week."

Green Light—

Helena, Mont.: Charges against Royal Barney, accused of driving through a highway stop sign, were dismissed when he told the judge: "I can't read."

Nuts To Soup—

Bristow, Okla.: The City Council of this Peanut Capital of the Southwest has ruled that all cafes must serve goobers as the first course of every meal.

Census Notes—

Dover, N. J.: Census Taker Dale Gilmore urged police to get rid of a singing guitarist who followed him into homes playing and singing.

Neosho, Mo.: A doctor grabbed Census Taker John L. Oliver at the door of the Roy Weeklin home and made him assist in the birth of Weeklin's son.

Louisville, Ky.: A woman phoned the census supervisor to admit she had lied in giving her age as 43: "It's 45. I've been taking off a couple of years for so long that I was beginning to believe it."

Life With Father—

Macon, Ga.: "I left something in my car," a breathless man exclaimed as he rushed into a storage garage from a nearby hotel. His 6-year old daughter was found asleep on the back seat.

Under Canvas—

Camden, N. J.: Mrs Helen M. Anderson was granted a divorce after testifying her husband, William, forced her to sleep in a pup tent in the yard.

Chicken Coup—

New York, N. Y.: His meat cleaver out of reach Morris Kalowsky, butcher, foiled a holdup by swinging a half-plucked chicken to the jaw of the gunman and then roasting on him until police arrived.

Union Suit—

French Lick, Ind.: The clothing manufacturers' convention decided that the well-dressed plumber next fall should wear a two-toned sports ensemble of gaily colored flannel shirt and pin-striped pleated slacks.

Whole Hog—

Kansas City: Somebody phoned the power and light company that an auto had broken off a standard at Sixth and Bank streets. When repairmen arrived the standard was gone. Witnesses said the motorist loaded the pole, valued at \$75 and a transformer, valued at \$5 into his car and drove off with them.

Thinner—

New York: The American woman has grown from three to five pounds thinner in the past decade, according to statistics released by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Tabulation of average weights in 1922-23, compared to those for 1932-34, indicate a decline for every height and age group.

Unlucky—

Pueblo, Col.: Enthusiastic over his "good luck" of finding a four leaf clover, Clarence Stavast, 12, started to run across the street to tell his mother. Clarence was knocked down by an automobile. Physicians expressed fear today that his skull was fractured.

Our Capital—

Sacramento: Proposals to move the State Capitol to Monterey apparently have made an impression outside the state, if not in California. Governor Gilbert Olson today received a letter from Dr. A. Herbert Marshall of Charleston, Mo., who announced himself as a candidate for the presidency of the United States. It was addressed "Governor of California, Monterey California." Postal clerks spotted the error, however, and routed the letter direct to Sacramento.

Township Register

NILES, WASHINGTON TWP., ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIF.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS OLD

NILES, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1940

NUMBER 17

NEW PUBLISHER COMING TO TAKE OVER THE REGISTER

WALTER WAYNFLEET, OF
REDWOOD CITY PURCHASES
PROPERTY AND WILL TAKE
OVER NEXT WEEK

F. E. Rogers, who has been at the helm of The Good Shippe "Register" since last October announces the sale of the business to Walter Waynfleet, experienced California newspaperman, effective next Monday.

Other business interests situated in the eastern part of the state require Editor Roger's attention.

Waynfleet worked from 1923 to 1929 on newspapers in California, Nevada, Utah, Montana and Hawaii. In 1929 he ran The Truckee Republican under lease for a year; going to the San Joaquin Valley in 1930, where he owned and edited The Cutler-Orosi Courier, in northern Tulare County, until its sale last December.

He has wintered with Mrs Waynfleet and their nine month old daughter in Redwood City, whence Waynfleet has conducted a vigorous examination of Central California newspapers with an eye to his new location.

Niles and Washington Township look just fine, and here the new owner and his family will soon reside, when Mr and Mrs Rogers vacate their home, the Stm Anderon house on G street.

Printer-Operator Gilbert Wright has signed on for the cruise with the new editor, and fair sailing is in sight.

An attendance of 200 is expected, most of whom will be visitors in Niles that afternoon.

Kraftile boasts the biggest little Credit Union in the world, making up for its small size by its activity. In addition it has helped in the organization of Credit Unions elsewhere at such large industries as Owens-Illinois Glass company.

A Credit Union is a cooperative saving and lending institution organized for the mutual benefit of its members. The Kraftile organization has regularly paid a 4 per cent dividend since the first year of its operation in 1936 when a 3 per cent dividend was paid.

CENTERVILLE P.T.A. HAS INTERESTING MEETING

The Centerville grammar school Parent-Teachers Association met on Tuesday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, in the school library.

There was a short business meeting; and at 3 o'clock the members adjourned to the assembly hall where a program was presented by the students of the school, under the direction of Mrs Inez Silva, vocal music instructor, and Mrs Cecile Mailho Whitaker, director of instrumental music.

Light refreshments were served following the program by upper grade girls under the supervision of Miss Josephine Herbert.

KRAFTILE CREDIT UNION WILL BE HOST TO CROWD

MORE THAN 200 EXPECTED
TO STOP HERE ON WAY TO
OUTING OF CREDIT
UNION LEAGUE

On May 18th the Kraftile Employees Credit Union will be host to the members of the East Bay Chapter of the California Credit Union League enroute to the annual barbecue put on by the Cresta Blanca Credit Union of the Veterans Administration Facility at Livermore. A trip through the Kraftile plant has been arranged for the afternoon, following which pottery gifts will be presented to the ladies, and refreshments will be served. The party will then move on to Livermore for the barbecue and program that evening.

The new owner earnestly desires to move the plant and equipment as soon as possible to any centrally located building in Niles, any partially modern building with concrete floor, which Waynfleet will lease or buy. He begs any public-spirited citizen or citizens to come forward with their offers!

The plant and equipment of The Township Register are to be modernized and systematized as rapidly as time and resources permit, Waynfleet says.

The plant and business he sold in the San Joaquin Valley a few months ago, was a paragon of order and convenience, and produced much important work in commercial printing for packing houses, wineries, schools, lodges, banks, county departments, and individuals.

It is the objective of the new owner to take care of ALL printing of Washington Township firms and institutions. As rapidly as business increases warrant, new equipment will be added and new employees hired, to the end of creating and maintaining an important advertising medium and printing institution in Niles at the heart of Washington Township.

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LONG TIME RESIDENT OF NILES SUCCUMBS

MRS. AMELIA LEWIS PASSED
AWAY AT SAN JOSE
HOSPITAL FOLLOWING
LONG ILLNESS

Mrs. Amelia D. Lewis, a resident of Niles for close to 60 years, passed away at a San Jose hospital Saturday morning following an extended illness. Funeral services were conducted from the Berge mortuary in Irvington Monday, with mass at St. Joseph's church in Mission San Jose. Interment was made at the Holy Ghost cemetery at Centerville.

Mrs Lewis was past 74 years of age at the time of her death. She

is survived by L. L. Lewis, of Niles, past president of the Niles Junior Chamber of Commerce; and John P. Lewis of Benicia; J. E. Lewis, of Alvarado; Mrs A. G. Silva and Mrs Frank Duarte, of Niles Mrs Frank George of Concord, as well as 11 grand children and six great grand children. She was preceded to the grave by the husband, and two sons, Frank and Antone. A sister, Mrs M. A. Garcis of Mission San Jose, and numerous other relatives, also survive her.

Because of her long residence in Niles, she had a wide acquaintance, and among them she numbered her friends, who join with the relatives in mourning her passing.

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NEW WOMEN'S CLUB TO
HOLD INSTALLATION MONDAY

The recently organized Business and Professional Women's club of Washington township will enjoy a dinner at the Veterans' Memorial building, Niles, Monday evening, when members will gather for the installation ceremonies of the officers of the organization. The work of organizing the club, receiving the charter and election of officers was completed at a meeting several weeks ago.

Florence Stahl, state vice president of the organization, will come from San Jose to have charge of the installation. Members are expected to be here from several clubs of the surrounding territory.

PRESIDENT BUYS TREES FROM THE NILES NURSERY

10-45 FOOT CALIFORNIA BIG
TREES GOES TO CHIEF'S
HYDE PARK ESTATE
IN NEW YORK

Ten 45-foot California Big Trees were shipped from the California Nursery Company at Niles this week enroute to President Roosevelt's Hyde Park estate in New York. Also included were two more potted Sequoia Gigantea similar to those used as souvenirs from the Old Adobe on Treasure Island last year.

The grove to be planted at Hyde Park is the gift of Clyde L. Seavey with the Federal Power Commission at Washington, D. C., who contacted the California Nursery through the state forester, M. B. Pratt. Seavey's original intention had been to plant the California trees at the White House but previous attempts to grow the species in Washington had proved unsuccessful. The Sequoias, however, are being grown successfully in Pennsylvania and according to George C. Roeding, Jr., of the California Nursery, they should thrive at Hyde Park if given reasonable protection for their first few winters.

The shipment is going via express and will be delivered to Hyde Park on Saturday of this week.

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HUGE SUM GOES TO UN-
EMPLOYED IN SOUTHERN
ALAMEDA CO. IN MARCH

Unemployment insurance checks amounting to \$66,497 went to eligible unemployed workers in the Southern Alameda County area during March, 1940, according to Walter Gamman, manager of the Hayward office of the State Department of Employment.

Gamman stated that 4,760 checks were written for this area representing one percent of the state total.

March payments increased \$19,805.40 over February 1940 and exceeded the March total last year by \$144 manager Gamman declared.

Benefit payments throughout the state have increased steadily, said manager Gamman, because of liberalized provisions of the Unemployment Insurance Act. Even with this increase, private employment accomplished definite gains as shown by placement figures of the Hayward office.

March placements were 63 as compared with the 49 persons placed in private industry during February.

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DRIVER OF DEATH
CAR HELD ON
SERIOUS CHARGE

YOSHIO KAKIMOTO, INVOLVED IN NEWARK CAR ACCIDENT OUT ON BONDS UNTIL HEARING MONDAY

Yoshio Kakimoto, who was driving one of the cars involved in the accident at Newark Saturday night, in which Lillian Enos was killed, has been charged with negligent homicide. He is free on \$1,000 bond, and will appear this (Friday) afternoon before Judge Silva in justice court in Niles. The charges were made by Mrs Mary Enos, mother of the dead child.

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PRESBY. LADIES GROUP
INSTALLS NEW OFFICERS

The Losetra group of the Newark Presbyterian church met at the church on Wednesday with president, Mrs Fern Overacker, presiding. The special speaker for the day was Miss Mary Shea, vice-principal of the Newark grammar school. Installation of officers was also held with the following being installed: Mrs Harlan Johnson, president; Mrs Ralph Logan, vice-president; Mrs Thor Nordvik, secretary-treasurer; Committee chairmen: Sunshine Sisters, Thelma Ewer; Service, Mrs James Elsea; Cradle Roll, Mrs John Smyrl; Music, Mrs Jack MacGregor Hospitality. Mrs Edward Biemiller and Shower, Mrs William Beck. Officers were installed for the floral installation worked out by the committee consisting of Mrs Jack MacGregor, Mrs Vernon Cuneo, and Mrs Vernon Brown. Hostesses of the day were: Mrs William Beck, Mrs Eugene Boyce, and Mrs Weston Webb. Special music was also provided.

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NOTICE

I have disposed of The Township Register, and as I am anxious

to clean up my business in the

township, I ask that all those

owing The Register for print-

ing and advertising, make payment as

soon as possible. All bills that

I might owe, I ask for a statement

at once so that I may settle them.

All subscription charges after Sat-

urday, April 27, are payable to

Walter Waynfleet, the new owner

of The Register.

F. E. Rogers

MISSION SAN JOSE GIRL HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

A birthday party was given for Jean Marie Telles on her ninth birthday at the home of Mrs Antonie Pereira, at Mission San Jose April 17, at 3:30 p.m.

Those present were: Elaine Borge, Mary Edith Santos, Jerry Fernandes, Marie Edna Silva, Rosie Santos, Lorraine Santos, Betty De Brito, Jean Marie Telles, Adeline Pereira, Adeline Telles, Mrs Antonie Pereira, Arthur Santos, John Pat Recend, Lawrence Fernandes, Clarence Fernandes, Lester Semas, William Pereira, Jackie Borge. Many gifts were received.

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VISITOR TELLS OF DANGER OF BULB CROP IN HOLLAND

MAN WHO ESTABLISHED

BULB SHOW AT NURSERY

VISITS HERE FROM THE

NETHERLANDS

W. H. deGraaf of Noordwijk, Holland, who was instrumental in establishing the Outdoor Bulb Show at the California Nursery Company at Niles 10 years ago, was here this week on his annual visit to this country. He will attend the Oakland flower show which opens at the auditorium next Wednesday.

Grave fears for the fate of the bulb business in Holland and adverse results to dealers in this country were voiced by the visitor who was accompanied by his son, Jan de Graaf, and his grandson, Sandy, of Oregon. If Germany occupies Holland, according to de Graaf, it will mean the virtual abolition of the bulb business there and American buyers of tulips and hyacinths will be hard hit. A sufficient supply of American-grown daffodils will be available he thinks.

De Graaf's family established

one of the world's largest bulb concerns in Holland more than 200 years ago. When De Graaf left Holland in March, the situation was unaffected by the European war, he said. Ordinarily he would return in June but "things may happen," he remarked. His son and family and his wife are in this country and he has a daughter on this side of the Atlantic but another daughter and four grandchildren remain in Holland.

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TOYON BRANCH
PLANNING MANY
COMING ACTIVITIES

RUMMAGE SALE THIS WEEK,

GARDEN PARTY AND OTHER

THINGS ON CLUB'S SLATE

A busy bunch of women have been at work this week, gathering clothing and other articles for the rummage sale the Toyon Branch of the Children's Hospital. The sale is to be held at the old Peterson plumbing shop building on Main street in Niles, and at this time the ladies are getting the stocks arranged for the sale. They invite all citizens who have cast off clothing and other items suitable for such a sale to bring them.

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ROTARI

Bruckart's Washington Digest**Keeping Out of Europe's War Is Order of Business for U. S.**

Conflict's Spread to Norway and Denmark Brings Problem of Neutrality to Attention of Nation's Statesmen.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART
WNU Service, National Press
Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON.—More and more people seem to be expressing doubt that the United States can stay out of the new world war. One hears the talk in many quarters, official and unofficial. It frightens me. It is disturbing because so many seem to feel that the war is growing closer to us and they are, therefore, taking the view that we cannot stay out of it.

To all of those who are saying that it appears we are doomed to get into the war which remains, as before, simply Europe's war, and to every one else I want to present this question:

Why is it necessary for us to get into it?

That is the question. It is not how can we stay out, but why should we get into it.

There is no doubt, of course, that extension of the war, spread of the flames to Norway and Denmark touches more American hearts. It is sad, indeed. But it would sadden many more hearts in these United States if we get mixed up in the conflagration.

Moreover, no one has presented so far as I know any reason why the United States or any of its people or any of its interests should be involved in a war that represents fundamentally nothing more than the thirst for power of a very few men in all of the people. Again, it is sad, but it is not a quarrel of our making and I fail to see any reason why or how the United States should shoulder any responsibility.

The American government is taking precautions. Some of them seem to be rather silly, rather an excitable reaction. For instance, Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, and Representative Vinson, of Georgia, chairmen of the senate and house naval committees, respectively, held a long conference with President Roosevelt the other day at which they discussed the proposition of an expanded navy.

President Has Extended Foreign Combat Zones

The President has extended the "combat zones" which no American ships or citizens may enter, legally. Very wisely, I believed, he did not delay in issuing a proclamation that the war zones of Europe included the waters of Norway, Sweden, and similar areas. That will go far towards preventing greedy, daring and chance-taking individuals from getting their ships shot to pieces. Some of them would take that chance, you know, because the profits are large. But always the rest of us must think of what our government is forced to do when citizens of the United States, on legal business, are slaughtered by a foreign navy or army. We have only to look back to 1915 and 1916 to see how such killings, step by step, took us into World War No. 1.

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As against the things that might cause trouble and thereby endanger our neutrality—and more about our neutrality below—it surely is a commendable thing that the members of congress are keeping their tongues still for once in their collective lifetime. I do not mean that senators and representatives are quiet. I do not mean that the halls of the house and the senate are not ringing with the usual amount of demagoguery. Far from it. What I mean and what I am commanding is that congress as a whole has exercised the finest caution in talking about the war. Whether they realize it or not, the members of the house and senate, by maintaining silence on the subject of the war, are inducing millions of other people to quit talking about the war.



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Moreover, no one has presented so far as I know any reason why the United States or any of its people or any of its interests should be involved in a war that represents fundamentally nothing more than the thirst for power of a very few men in all of the people. Again, it is sad, but it is not a quarrel of our making and I fail to see any reason why or how the United States should shoulder any responsibility.

The American government is taking precautions. Some of them seem to be rather silly, rather an excitable reaction. For instance, Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, and Representative Vinson, of Georgia, chairmen of the senate and house naval committees, respectively, held a long conference with President Roosevelt the other day at which they discussed the proposition of an expanded navy.

President Has Extended Foreign Combat Zones

The President has extended the "combat zones" which no American ships or citizens may enter, legally. Very wisely, I believed, he did not delay in issuing a proclamation that the war zones of Europe included the waters of Norway, Sweden, and similar areas. That will go far towards preventing greedy, daring and chance-taking individuals from getting their ships shot to pieces. Some of them would take that chance, you know, because the profits are large. But always the rest of us must think of what our government is forced to do when citizens of the United States, on legal business, are slaughtered by a foreign navy or army. We have only to look back to 1915 and 1916 to see how such killings, step by step, took us into World War No. 1.

There is considerable doubt, however, about the wisdom shown by the President in sending Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles on that European junket. Mr. Welles has been home a month now. Some of the results can be appraised properly. The answer is that insofar as tangible results are concerned, the trip was a flop of the first water. That is, unless the trip may have aroused suspicions of our motives, it was a flop. If the suspicions were aroused—suspicions that America was planning on future entry—then, of course, the trip was a most dangerous thing.

European Rulers Might Misjudge Welles' Mission

Private expressions from some diplomats here have caused me to believe there is some suspicion about us in Europe now. It is natural, I suppose, that the dictators and even the French and the British would be looking for hidden reasons for such a mission as Mr. Welles executed. They are always double dealing themselves, so we can suppose that they look for similar traits among Americans. In any event, nothing of consequence came out of that tour of the European capitals, not even political prestige for the President.

Which reminds me that when Mr. Welles' appointment was announced, there was a good deal of undercurrent gossip in Washington that the whole plan was conceived and engineered by a little group of New Dealers. They thought the mission might lead to peace negotiations and Mr. Roosevelt would become a sureshot for a third term in the White House. As usual, the so-called "inner circle" had no knowledge of what the real fight was about overseas.

As against the things that might cause trouble and thereby endanger our neutrality—and more about our neutrality below—it surely is a commendable thing that the members of congress are keeping their tongues still for once in their collective lifetime. I do not mean that senators and representatives are quiet. I do not mean that the halls of the house and the senate are not ringing with the usual amount of demagoguery. Far from it. What I mean and what I am commanding is that congress as a whole has exercised the finest caution in talking about the war. Whether they realize it or not, the members of the house and senate, by maintaining silence on the subject of the war, are inducing millions of other people to quit talking about the war.

To all of those who are saying that it appears we are doomed to get into the war which remains, as before, simply Europe's war, and to every one else I want to present this question:

Why is it necessary for us to get into it?

That is the question. It is not how can we stay out, but why should we get into it.

There is no doubt, of course, that extension of the war, spread of the flames to Norway and Denmark touches more American hearts. It is sad, indeed. But it would sadden many more hearts in these United States if we get mixed up in the conflagration.

Moreover, no one has presented so far as I know any reason why the United States or any of its people or any of its interests should be involved in a war that represents fundamentally nothing more than the thirst for power of a very few men in all of the people. Again, it is sad, but it is not a quarrel of our making and I fail to see any reason why or how the United States should shoulder any responsibility.

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Township Register

An Independent Newspaper

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GATEWAYS EAST—

It took a Herculean feat of engineering to drive a wedge through the Isthmus of Panama, slash 7500 miles from California's sea route to the Atlantic, and give the West a new gateway to America's eastern seaboard.

That vital artery, the Panama Canal, completed nearly 26 years ago, is still there, but gone are the ships needed to ply this course! Since the war 50 ships have deserted the intercoastal route to be sold, re-registered, or sent to more lucrative ports of call. Hundreds of tons of goods of all types, already sold, stand in warehouses and plants, land-bound for want of East-going vessels. Such is the crisis which has led members of the lumber, milling, manufacturing and agricultural industries from San Diego to Puget Sound to petition the Maritime Commission for at least 25 new ships at once!

Doubly unfortunate it is that at the very time the West suffers this hardship in maritime commerce, the nation finds its land routes afflicted with an unparalleled pile-up of trade lanes, customs barriers and other economic Maginot lines set squarely athwart interstate highways. As a result the public is denied the highly efficient services of the youngest member of America's transportation family, commercial motor transport, in opening up new transcontinental trade routes when they are most desperately needed.

Whether it will take an equally Herculean feat of political engineering to drive a wedge through states' Maginot tariff walls remains to be seen. The fact remains that until action is taken, the West's gateways to the East, on both land and sea, remain in jeopardy!

WHAT'S THE SCORE?—

"Nazis Hurled Back — Germans Forge Ahead — British Cruiser Bomber — Cruiser Bombing Denied!" And the average reader, a little breathless from this whizzing barrage of paper bullets, asks "What's the score?"

The actual score may never be known for years, but the readers complain—whether he recognizes it or not—is a tribute to the accuracy and reliability he has come to expect of reporting in America. He accepts this, in a matter of fact way, in all accounts of domestic events.

But the reporter in strife-ridden Europe finds himself perpetually waging a one-sided battle with an all-powerful foe of "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." This is censorship.

Far from becoming duller, the censor's shears are today cutting a wider swathe than ever through European news. Copenhagen, once a favored and censor-less filing point for despatches of America, is now under the swastika. When German troops took Oslo, a nerve center of news from Norway was gagged. Hostilities in the Balkans turning ploughshares into swords, will inevitably turn pruning hooks into censors' shears.

Surveying the confused, often contradictory reports which censorship foists upon him, the average reader is apt to agree warmly with Herblock, the noted cartoonist—this should be a great year for baseball. It's one game we can watch and know what the score is!

PUBLIC SCHOOLS WEEK—

It must be the hope of all men viewing nations given over to British strife, persecution, and hate, that tomorrow's world will bring a better sense of fellowship, morality, and fair dealing into the

Dead Stock Wanted

WANTED—All kinds of live stock. Dead stock removed on short notice. General hauling. Corner Third and F streets, near school. Manuel Pementel. Phone 155. Niles.

D. R. REES
DRUGGIST and
PHARMACIST

Niles New Drug Store
Prescription Service Evenings

GUY W RILEY
DENTIST
Evenings by Appointment
MONDAY
WEDNESDAY
FRIDAY
PHONES: OLYMPIC 4471
NILES 78-J
(Hours 3 p. m. to 5 p. m.)
First and Main Streets
NILES, CALIFORNIA

SAVE with SAFETY at
the Rexall DRUG STORE

WALTON'S PHARMACY
NILES, CALIF.

GREETINGS

"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand" might well be the theme of this editorial from your new editor.

On January 31, 1930 the thermometer stood 32 degrees below zero outside my newspaper office at Truckee, California.

On August 17, 1931 the thermometer stood at 122 degrees above zero outside my newspaper office at Oroville, California.

The answer is Niles and Washington Township, where I hope to raise my family in comfort, and anticipate putting in some pleasant years ahead associating with congenial townspeople in a delightful environment blessed with an equal climate.

And speaking of scenery this Township has a charm all its own: rolling hills, well-kept farms and modern homes, perfect roads; not omitting mention of eight separate communities, each offering more or less of the stores and services which we spoiled Californians accept as our just right and due.

I can poke a little fun at Californians if I wish, because I was born in San Francisco, was raised in the north-of-bay and south-of-bay counties, and can "remember when" with most any of you!

Seriously, I can see considerable opportunity to make The Township Register of invaluable service not only to Niles, but all the eight communities of Washington Township.

I am moving the plant and business to a more modern location in Niles at the earliest moment. The amount of new equipment and improved service The Register can offer Township businessmen thereafter depends solely upon the amount of commercial printing which can be kept at home; and upon how much advertising and news participation Township businessmen and residents can provide The Register.

Our aim is to work together cooperatively for the betterment of one another's interests throughout Washington Township as a whole, whether civic, social, commercial, educational or religious.

As soon as advertising increase warrants and I become familiar with Township citizens and news sources your Register will go to six pages of home print each week then eight pages, and the "patient insides" will cease to be.

Your editor has had no trouble producing an eight page newspaper filled with local news each week, in communities much smaller than Niles.

Any farmer, for example, who places his faith in the theory of "abundance through scarcity", has learned by sad experience that plowing under is anything but a profitable enterprise.

Thank you! —Walter Waynflete

Stevenson's Grave

On the tombstone of Robert Louis Stevenson's grave in Samoa is a bronze plate with the inscription, "Under the wide and starry sky, dig a grave and let me lie. Glad did I live and gladly die, and I laid me down with a will." Another plate on the grave carries a quotation from Ruth 1:16, 17: "For whether thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

—//—
Before the Crash

In 1929 over 19 million families had yearly incomes of less than \$2,500, and in 16 million families the income was less than \$2,000.

DECOTO NEWS

Mr and Mrs Manuel Muniz have been entertaining their niece from Los Gatos at their home here for the past several weeks.

Chester Caldeira, Dorothy Jean Joseph, Margaret Williams and Margaret Pagan, participated in the procession of the Holy Ghost celebration held at Alvarado during the week end.

Mr Walter Walker is recovering at an Oakland hospital from a recent operation.

Rose Rehollo, Lowell Lamoureux, Eddie Francis of Oakland and Ida Sequeira, attended the Sportsmen's show starring Bob Hope, at the Oakland Auditorium on Saturday evening.

Mr George Heuer of San Francisco was a business visitor here on Tuesday.

The whist party held on Friday evening for the benefit of the Holy Rosary church here, turned out to be a financial success.

Mr and Mrs Joe Galarsa entertained friends and relatives at a party at their home here on Saturday evening.

Mr and Mrs Tony Perreira and son of San Francisco, were weekend visitors here.

Mr Mieton Spaulding of Oakland was a visitor here on Tuesday.

Mr Harry C. Seales visited with Mr Frank Evans of Newark on Sunday.

Without Interruption

By R. H. WILKINSON
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WNU Service.

Scammon, Mrs W. Day, Mrs M. Corriera, Mrs J. Leal, and Mrs C. Rogers.

The pre school examination will be held at the Irvington grammar school on Thursday morning May 5. Dr. Grimmer will be attending physician.

The Irvington Boy Scouts spent last Sunday in San Francisco, Wayne Day, Everett Hammond, and Mrs Stella Benbow accompanied 16 of the boys.

Mr Robert and Ray Ringel of Oakland and Miss Eleanor George of Irvington enjoyed Saturday evening in San Jose.

Open house will be held at the Irvington grammar school on Friday April 26 from 7:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. All parents and friends of the school are invited to attend.

Those from Irvington who attended the flower show in San Jose with Mrs J. P. Morris Home Economic teacher, were: Mary Ann Silva, Eleanor George, and Gloria Dycus. Luncheon was enjoyed by the group at the Hawaiian gardens.

Mr and Mrs Ray Fussell are the proud parents of a baby boy. The parents have named the baby Dennis Joseph.

Mrs Eleanor George, Agnes Raymond, Kay Cole, Evelyn Kelliher, and Irma Dutra enjoyed the evening in Oakland last Friday.

Mr and Mrs Rudy Frates of Santa Clara visited with Mr and Mrs Stepp Raymond on Sunday.

Mr and Mrs James Fisher are the proud parents of a baby girl. Mrs Fisher is the daughter of Mr William Hirsch Sr.

Agnes Raymond and Kay Cole visited with friends in Oakland last Sunday.

Mrs George Caldera of Hayward visited with Mrs Mae Raymond on Monday.

Mrs V. W. Dycus is confined to her home due to a sprained ankle she received while working in her garden.

Friends will be glad to hear that Mr E. H. Hirsch is gradually improving from his recent illness.

Mr Arnold Mozzetti is recovering from injuries received in a fall from his bicycle. Dr Grimmer was attending physician. Arnold received many cuts and bruises and a pair of beautiful black eyes.

The Irvington Ladies Auxiliary of Irvington are planning on giving the Irvington firemen a dinner at Sophie's place this Saturday evening.

Mrs R. S. Mayock has been elected to the office of president of the Phoebe Hearst Council. Mrs Ray Benbow will assist as secretary to Mrs Mayock.

Mrs Annie Benbow is visiting with her daughter Mrs Ida Styles of San Mateo.

Mr and Mrs Joe Castelano, Ben and Gertrude Mozzetti and Lorriane Petersen enjoyed last Friday evening visiting in San Francisco.

Miss Lorriane Beresini of San Francisco visited with Gertrude Mozzetti last week end.

Ben Mozzetti attended a yacht party held at Paradise Cove last weekend. Ben was the guest of Mr R. L. Griffith who is chief milk inspector of Alameda County.

Those who attended the Alumni dinner held at the Washington Union high school last Thursday

evening were, Evelyn Pond, June Santana, Thomas and Tony Santos, Gertrude and Ben Mozzetti, Walter Rose, Virginia Scammon, Loyd and Bud Amaral, Mary Ann Silva, Gene Ramsell and Rosemary Sessa.

Mr John Rose of Oakland was a visitor in Irvington Monday evening.

A large group of Irvington children received Holy Communion in Mission San Jose last Sunday morning.

Lorriane Brown small daughter of Mr and Mrs John Brown is confined to her home suffering from a broken arm she received while at play in her yard.

Mr and Mrs Jack McKenzie are the proud parents o a baby boy. The parents have named the baby Dennis Joseph.

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Dated and first published March 29, 1940.

MARY R. BERNARDO
Administratrix aforesaid.

E. A. QUARESMA
Irvington, California
Attorney for Administratrix
Publish March 29, April 5, 12
19, 26.

DOES YOUR CAR NEED GREASING
EXPERT LUBRICATION SERVICE
MONTE MACER'S ASSOCIATED SERVICE
Niles-Centerville Highway

**SEE
DICK ATTINGER
ABOUT THAT 1940
STUDEBAKER
GILMORE STATION, NILES**

because
ITS ACTION IS EASIEST!



Tests prove Chevrolet's to be the easiest steering column gearshift to operate. Compared with the two cars next in sales, Chevrolet requires only 2.8 ft.-lb. effort. Car B 8.5, Car C 14.8.

because
ITS LEVER AND ITS "THROW" ARE SHORTER



Chevrolet's lever and its travel or "throw" are the shortest, and that means the quickest shift. Length of Throw: Chevrolet, 4 1/4"; Car B, 7 1/2"; Car C, 10 1/2".

because
IT'S EFFORTLESS IN TRAFFIC



Stop and Go—Red and Green—Halt! Start! That's traffic. And that's where Chevrolet's easy shifting is appreciated. Vacuum does 80% of the work; only 20% is done by the driver. No tugging, no shoving!

"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

**Eye It...
Try It...
Buy It**

\$659

MASTER 85
BUSINESS COUPE

Other models slightly higher
All models priced at Flint, Michigan.
Transportation based on rail rates,
state and local taxes (if any),
optional equipment and accessories
extra. Prices subject to change
without notice.

**easiest of all
gearshifts
to operate...**

80% Automatic...Only 20% Driver Effort!

Central Chevrolet Co.

**Centerville,
Calif.**

IRVINGTON

NILES LOCALS

Margie Moore is spending her vacation at Palm Springs, and other points in Southern California. While she is away, Mrs Evelyn Freitas is in charge of the beauty shop in Niles.

Mr and Mrs M. Swartz spent Sunday at Sunnyvale, where they went on a tour of inspection of Moffett air field. Mr Swartz, a World war veteran saw his first guard mount since being discharged from service at the close of the war, and thoroughly enjoyed the military ceremonies.

Jack Perry, employed at the Central bank, has been released from the hospital and has returned home to recuperate from his recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr and Mrs Jack Cahill and Mrs Mary Duarte were the guests of Mr and Mrs Joseph Perry in Alameda, one day last week.

Mr and Mrs G. Ayers, and daughter, Fern, who are visiting here from Washington, and daughter, were dinner guests of Mr and Mrs J. A. Bradford Thursday evening.

Friends of Leonard Osmund are glad to know that he is attaining greater success in the life insurance business. This month he is in seventh place for sales in his district, having climbed from ninth two months ago.

Dr and Mrs Edgar Dawson left the first of the week for a vacation trip that takes them to Death Valley and other points of interest in Southern California.

Mrs Jack Sabon and daughter, Anastacia, spent the week end in San Francisco, visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs Stella Windrum was here Sunday for a short visit with her daughter, Mrs Henry Snell. Mrs Windrum recently underwent a major operation at a Berkeley hospital, and after being released, has been staying with relatives in Berkeley.

Miss Marie Pine, who recently completed a course at a Oakland business college, has secured employment with the Mercantile Acceptance Corporation, in Oakland.

Norman H. Parks, who has been here to assist in the sale of The Register will return to his home at LaMesa the last of the week. He is in the newspaper brokerage business, and arranged for the sale of several other papers while here. He published the Register some years ago.

Mr and Mrs F. E. Rogers and son, Bert, will go to Loyalton, and other points in the mountains the last of the week, where the former will attend to business matters, in connection with securing a new newspaper location.

A good shower fell over the section Thursday forenoon, and was welcomed by some, who had already started irrigation of fields. There is a possibility that the rain will damage the cherry crop, it is said.

Mr and Mrs W. S. Parker of Martinez came Sunday to visit at the home of Mr and Mrs J. A. Bradford. The party drove to Santa Cruz in the afternoon to visit in the home of friends.

Young Ladies to work part time in exchange for Beauty course and room and board, Lee ANN School, 1330 Washington street, Oakland. 4-t

FOR SALE—Or will trade 4 acres of land on a car. Robertson Road Newark, R. F. D. Box 302. 2t-p

FOR SALE or Rent Cheap—Small house in Niles. Inquire at Register office. 2t-p

FOR SALE—Six swarms of bees, \$5 or \$1 per swarm. — Geo. T. Lucas, 737 Second St. Niles. 2t-p

FOR RENT—Three-room modern cottage. Bradford Court. 14-4t

FOR SALE—Neat cottage in De-coto. Very comfortable cottage in Niles. Phone 7, Niles.

LAUNDRY, YES
Phone Niles 13

BUDGET BUNDLE
every piece ready for use
12 POUNDS MINIMUM \$1.49
Additional Pounds 10c
Also Rough Dry and Thrifty Wash
New Process Laundry
100 per cent Union
L. L. LEWIS Driver

Petty Quarrel

By R. H. WILKINSON
Associated Newspapers.
WNU Service.

1939 Hard Year On Tax Dodgers**81 Out of 114 Indicted Were Convicted; Narcotic Runners Hit.**

JEFFREY found the newspaper lying as usual beside his plate, and he picked it up, scanned the headlines and read a lead paragraph or two in three of the front page stories. But nothing of what was written there registered on his mind. His thoughts were too occupied, his spirits too low to concentrate and enjoy his usual morning routine.

Jeffrey's eyes were heavy with lack of sleep.

With a definite gesture he laid aside the newspaper.

For the hundredth time he went over the scene again. He saw once more Susan, his wife; saw her standing in their bedroom. Rage, uncontrollable, held her in its grip. "It's the end, Jeffrey! Absolutely the end! I'm leaving—for good this time. I'm—"

"But, Sue, can't we talk it over? Can't we settle the thing without making a mess of our lives?" "No!"

"Then there's more to it than you pretend." She was silent, and he went on accusingly: "There's someone else. Another man—"

"Jeffrey Gordon, you're a fool!" He watched her in bitter silence as she flung things into her suitcase. He caught the gleam of costly diamonds, necklaces, brooches and bracelets. Sight of them sickened him. It was so easy to remember that there were no costly jewels, and no quarrels before prosperity smiled on them. There had been nothing but happiness then.

During the fiscal year narcotic seizures aggregated 902 and amounted to 26,675 ounces, compared to 633 seizures amounting to 5,278 ounces in the previous fiscal year, while confiscations of smuggled liquor increased by 168 to 3,488.

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The Honorable Uncle Lancy

By ETHEL HUESTON

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

—14—

The truck pulled into the camp grounds where a space had been reserved and roped off for it. The girls still stared through the little darkened windows.

"Girls," Helen whispered suddenly. "Look! It's the wrong rally! There's Brother Wilkie on the platform. There's Len Hardesty standing on the steps."

"Why, Ben's brought us to the wrong rally!" said Adele. "You'd think he would know it by this time!"

"He must be drunk," said Helen. "I'll tell him."

They ran to the front of the truck and banged furiously on the small locked doors that separated the driver's seat from the body. They called, softly at first, then as loudly as they could scream, "Ben! Ben Baldy! Oh, Ben!" Still no reply.

"Uncle Lancy'll free Ben Baldy for this," said Adele.

"Aunt Olympia'll strangle him," said Limpy.

They climbed back to their narrow perches and peered interestedly through the small high windows to witness the Republican rally. Adele's eyes clung to Len Hardesty's lean face, where he stood alertly on the steps that led to the platform.

Len Hardesty had been on intent lookout for the sound truck. There it came! There it was! A faint semblance of a smile softened his set features. A stroke of genius! It wouldn't win the Governor many votes perhaps, but it would certainly make talk, and better still, it would create laughter. It would embarrass Sloppy. It would show Olympia he wasn't to be sneezed at.

"Here's the truck," he wrote on a card and passed it up to the Governor.

"Be ready with the lights," he said to the engineer who stood beside him.

The Governor finished his paragraph. Then he paused dramatically.

"My friends," he bellowed suddenly, "we have charged that your representative in the Senate of the United States—Alenon Delaporte Slopshire—is a careless, indifferent, inefficient man! Too careless, too inefficient, to be trusted to safeguard the rights of this sovereign state! We have been challenged to produce proof of that charge! Tonight, we bring that proof! . . . Do you believe—is any child innocent enough to believe—that a man who cannot protect his own property, cannot preserve his own rights, cannot safeguard his own interests, can be trusted to safeguard the property, the rights, the interests of our sovereign state! Ladies and gentlemen, on this night of all nights in this campaign, at this crucial moment, Senator Slopshire has shown himself so careless, so inefficient, that he has allowed his own campaign sound truck to be driven off under his very nose! Ladies and gentlemen—this is our proof! We give you the Slopshire Sound Truck! It stands before you!"

Immediately floodlights from all over the park were flashed on that silent tomb, the Senator's sound truck. The girls crouched down out of sight below the small windows. Spike O'Connor, stern, unsmiling, accepted his honors with a stiff bow. A roar went up from the crowd, hand-clapping, cheers; and boos for Slopshire.

When the applause had somewhat subsided, the Governor went on:

"Here, my friends, you have actual, physical, incontrovertible proof of our charge of inefficiency. In the face of this testimony, what can be said of the Senator's sagacity, his senatorial watch-care of our state's rights, his guardianship of the sacred privilege of our common citizenship? Tonight—at this hour—Senator Slopshire is supposed to be making an intensive drive for votes in this state, addressing gathered crowds through the microphone of this sound truck. This is the truck that carries his valuable papers, his books, his files, his notes; as well as his loud-speaking equipment. Can you trust a man who can't take care of his own property, to take care of yours?"

"Ah, ladies and gentlemen, in the Holy Book of our Fathers, in Divine Scripture, what is declared to be the fate of those wicked and slothful servants, who, not being faithful in small things, cannot be trusted with greater things? Is it to him these words were spoken, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things?' Ah, no! That wicked and slothful servant, careless, inefficient, faithless in small things, is to be cast into the outer darkness and there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

"But this Good Book of Guidance offers counsel and advice for all; yea, even to the wicked and slothful servant, faithless in small things! Come back with me to Proverbs, and read this admonition. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.' . . . Go to the ant, Senator Slopshire, consider her ways, and be wise."

"Limpy could stand no more. 'Give me that mike!' she said passing by. "She stopped, then turned to the Senator. 'You're welcome, Senator Slopshire. You're welcome!'"

sionately. "I'll tell them a thing or two."

And as the roar of applause died down, suddenly the tomb of inefficiency found voice and spoke. Limpy, standing tense and rigid between the cabinets, bawled bravely into the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Listen to me a minute! It's the most outrageous lie I ever heard!"

Startled silence gripped the crowd. Was this a plant? At any rate, it was dramatic. All eyes were riveted to the truck.

"I'm Limpy Rutherford, and Senator Slopshire's my uncle and there never lived a better uncle than my Uncle Lancy. This is the most despicable outrage I ever heard of!"

Len Hardesty collapsed on the bottom step. "Oh, my God, he swiped the kid with it!" he groaned.

"Uncle Lancy's the most honorable, most gentlemanly, most conscientious person that ever lived. I've lived with him a year and I ought to know. And he's efficient, too. He's terribly efficient. I know his car hasn't run out of gas since we've been here, and that's efficient.

"And he's a good Senator, too. Everybody in the Senate just loves Uncle Lancy; even Republicans love him—all the important ones, that amount to anything. McNary just does on him, he said so himself. And Vandenberg thinks everything in the world of Uncle Lancy. He told me if Uncle Lancy was a Republican, he'd be presidential timber. And Uncle Lancy's a good Christian, too. I don't care if he is a senator!"

"I know all about the Scripture! I was brought up on the Bible; the real Bible. Would my Uncle Lancy stoop to stealing Brother Wilkie's sound truck—and commit thievery—just to win a few votes? Certainly not! He wouldn't think of it! Do you think for one minute my Uncle Lancy would steal Brother Wilkie's brats?"

"Oh, Limpy, don't say brats!" moaned Helen.

"I mean children," Limpy corrected herself hastily. "He wouldn't do it, anyhow. He wouldn't soil his fingers with them! He's too much of a gentleman and too much of a Christian and too good a senator. And even though I'm a Republican myself, if I had a vote, do you know who I'd vote for? I'd vote for Uncle Lancy—that's who! I'd vote for him a thousand times if I could and go to jail for it, and it would be worth it, too. I'd be glad to go to jail for Uncle Lancy. He—he's a swell-guy."

Tears began welling to Limpy's eyes. A lump rose in her throat. She struggled on. "My Uncle Lancy is—just—swell."

Limpy collapsed in a passion of tears on the floor of the truck. Helen grabbed Limpy. Adele grabbed the microphone.

Suddenly her low, even voice swept over the crowd, still gripped in awe, electrical silence.

"My sister is perfectly right. Every word she said is the gospel truth. I'm Adele."

"Oh, my God, he got them all!" gasped Len Hardesty, and started for the truck.

"God knows they need a rest from all the speech-making," she thought leniently. "They'll get here in time for the wind-up—in those costumes—looking like angels. They'll be a sensation. They'll cinch every float for miles around."

She smiled, she shook hands, she acknowledged introductions and took bows, and then fluttered down in her chair with modest decorum. But she couldn't help keeping watch for the girls. Her fond eyes yearned for the blessed sight of them, in those works of art.

Just as the Senator was getting well launched in what was to be the climactic closing speech of the campaign, suddenly the haggard face of Ben Baldy appeared at the side door of the platform. He waved grimy hands toward Aunt Olympia, he shook his head, he scowled. Someone seated near the door whispered to him. A message trickled down the front row until it reached Aunt Olympia.

"He wants to speak to you."

Even then Aunt Olympia was not startled. It was the girls, of course; probably wanting to know whether they should come right on or wait until the Senator had finished. She rose, carrying the huge bouquet, and tiptoed over the feet of the front-row honor guests on the platform, whispering apologies, until she reached the door.

With a big, soiled finger Ben motioned her to come a little farther. "Mis' Slopshire," he whispered tersely. "They swiped our girls."

Olympia drew herself together into her familiar posture of hauteur. "Baldy, have you been drinking?"

"I wish to God I had been," he answered, in a voice both evasive and devout. "Brother Wilkie done it. They swiped the sound truck and the girls along with it while I was—snatching a bite. A cop brought me in a side car."

"Brother Wilkie—swiped—" she said quaveringly, her knees going weak.

"Republicans, anyhow. And rushed 'em off seventy miles an hour—to the other rally."

"Oh, my God, it's the police!" groaned Len Hardesty. "Well,

are my girls?" she demanded, her voice going swiftly crescendo.

"They're swiped."

"But where are they now? What's happened to them?"

"They're still swiped."

Aunt Olympia was game to the depths of her being. Even to this catastrophe, she arose with rampant resourcefulness.

"We must head off the Senator," she said. "He'll kill Brother Wilkie for this! . . . Wait here, Baldy. I'll go down front and catch his eye."

The Senator, working up to one of his best points, was a good deal surprised to see a pale and grim-faced Olympia appear before him below the speaker's stand. Her rightful place was in a good position on the platform. But even a pale Olympia gave him courage. Not a bad idea, getting down there where he could catch her glare. Olympia, who had a stimulating effect on perfect strangers, was almost intoxicating to the Senator.

He went on, with greater eloquence. In the burst of applause that followed the paragraph, he glanced complacently down for a beam of approval. Imagine his amazement to see Olympia silently weeping, swabbing at her underchin. The Senator tried desperately to recall if he had said anything of a pathetic nature to arouse her emotions, but there had been no pathos in this speech; this was a fighting speech and Olympia never cried over fights. He gazed at her distractingly. Falteringly he took up the next paragraph, but he couldn't get his mind off Olympia, sobbing silently almost beneath his feet.

"Clap, boys," he whispered to those behind him on the packed platform. Accepting the cue, they broke into hearty applause, and the audience joined willingly enough. Taking advantage of this interval, the Senator leaned over the rostrum.

"What's the matter?"

"The Republicans stole the children. Kidnapped them. They've got the children."

"What?"

She nodded her head, tears streaming down a face in which the last vestige of rose had faded, even to her lips. "Stole them. Got them. All of them."

The Senator rose to dramatic heights of which even Olympia had never dreamed he was capable. He towered to a height which was really impressive for his somewhat slight stature. He raised his hand for silence. He leaned forward again.

"What did you say, my dear?" he asked, clearly.

"Brother Wilkie stole our truck and kidnapped our children. They took them to the other rally."

The Senator raised both arms. Mild though he was supposed to be, the united Opposition would have quailed before his look at that moment.

"My friends," he said, and there was the venom of murder in his voice. As for the sweating throng, this being a decided innovation in a campaign which had not been dull, an almost unearthly silence gripped it.

"My friends, I came here tonight prepared to answer briefly, decisively, every issue that has been raised in this campaign. But my campaign is ended at this moment. I shall not continue my speech. I am obliged to leave you. I have just learned that the Opposition, reduced in their extremity to dastardly deeds of violence, have stolen those three children who are dearer to me than my wife and me than our very lives. They have taken our children. Ladies and gentlemen, I relinquish the campaign; I leave it in your hands. For myself, I go to rescue our girls from this act of wanton depravity. Let your votes fall where they may."

He leaped nimbly down from the platform and put his arm around Olympia. The audience waited in silent suspense, anticipating some further, exciting denouement. But Jim Allen, the state chairman, did not wait. He too, leaped from the platform and caught the Senator by the arm.

"Senator, for God's sake, you can't do that!" he said. "You can't walk out on us! You'll offend every Democrat in the state. The kids will be all right. Nobody'll hurt 'em. But we've got every county chairman in the state here; we've got committees from every club; they'll never forgive you."

The Senator drew himself up.

"Uh-uh me, Jim," he said thickly.

"You can't go, Senator; I won't permit it; I've worked too hard on this!"

The Senator let go of Olympia. He took his glasses carefully in his left hand. He doubled his right fist, rose toweringly on his toes—Jim was a tall man—and delivered a surprisingly straight, clean uppercut to Jim Allen's face. Jim Allen, felled more by surprise than by the force of the blow, sank to the floor.

"Come, Olympia," said the Senator, gently, replacing his glasses.

Olympia, even in this crisis, did not forget that she was a lady. As she stepped, carefully, though blinded with weeping, over the prostrate form of Jim Allen, she hesitated long enough to murmur, "So sorry, Jim!" And the Senator led her away.

The crowd waited . . . There would be another act, of course . . . On the whole, it was well-pleased.

The constituents had had three months of speechmaking and band music and handshaking. A kidnapping was something new. So they waited.

"Republicans, anyhow. And rushed 'em off seventy miles an hour—to the other rally."

"Oh, my God, it's the police!" groaned Len Hardesty. "Well,

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Household News

By Eleanor Howe



CHOCOLATE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE AN UNUSUAL DESSERT

(See Recipes Below)

Spring Menus

Planning meals can be fun, if you'll let your imagination and your conscience be your guides!

Metal planning does require imagination and a bit of originality, too, if you don't want the responsibility of three meals a day to be a bore, and three meals a day without that touch of "something" different can be boring—to you as well as to your family!

A meal may be properly and carefully "balanced" from the standpoint of proteins and carbohydrates and vitamins and minerals—and still be a drab and uninteresting affair.

That seems to be particularly true in spring, when appetites are likely to be jaded, and you seem to be running out of menu ideas. And that's exactly the time to try something different, a little trick to add newness and interest to soups; a tasty and unusual meat dish; and a salad or dessert that makes use of some of the refreshing spring vegetables and fruits.

Just for variety, for instance, when I want to serve hot soup as the first course of a meal, I combine equal parts of canned consomme and tomato juice, simmer the resulting mixture for about 5 minutes with a bay leaf for flavor, and serve it very hot with a spoonful of salted whipped cream sprinkled with chopped chives or green onion tops.

And I serve green onions and crisp, succulent radishes in place of the relishes I've used all winter. I use rhubarb for sauce or for dessert, just as soon as the price comes down within reach of my budget; I shred young carrots, cut them in thin slivers, and cook them with an equal amount of onion, sliced fine; drain them and season with salt, pepper and butter. Or I cook carrots and potatoes together and mash them just as I would for mashed potatoes, to serve with the rich brown gravy of a pot roast.

Here are three spring menus that I like.

Menu No. 1.

Corned Beef Hash Patties
Spring Vegetable Salad
Hot Corn Bread
Rhubarb Dessert

Menu No. 2.

Steak Roll
Mashed Potatoes and Carrots
Cabbage and Green Pepper Salad
Hot Rolls

Chocolate Upside-Down Cake

1½ cups cake flour
¾ cup granulated sugar
2 tablespoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

1 sq. bitter chocolate (1 oz.)

2 tablespoons butter

½ cup milk

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

½ cup broken nut meats

Topping.

2 tablespoons cocoa
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt

1 cup boiling water

Sift and measure the flour.

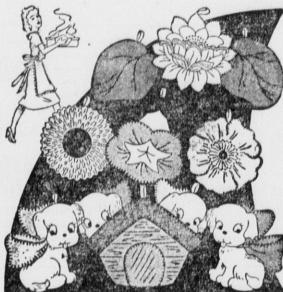
or until the rhubarb is soft. Combine remaining

</



LET'S make some bright new panholders! NUMO hot iron transfer, Z9108, 15 cents, has just the motifs you've been wanting—pretty enough for any bride-to-be, and a gay tonic for your own winter-weary kitchen. The nine designs illustrated are all on this one pattern; note that these combine into distinct sets of three each.

A pastel watercolor flanked by two lily pads of green is the basis



of one lovely set. Sunflower, morning glory and wild rose motifs make up the second set; the third set is a clever group consisting of two pup panholders which slip into a doghouse holder when not in use.

So if you're in need of inexpensive shower gifts, order this pattern, then get out your scrap bag and start to work. You could give no more practical nor appreciated gift than one of these attractive sets. And, of course, the several stampings of this NUMO transfer will enable you to make sets for yourself, too. Send order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
Address

Earned Success

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.—Theodore Roosevelt.

30 Years Success! Doctor's Formula For Ugly Surface

PIMPLES—ACNE

Here's a real chance to get after those ugly spots on your skin with powerfully soothing Zanno (a doctor's marvelous prescription) for itching of eczema, pimplies, ringworm and similar annoying skin irritations.

Zanno contains 10 different highly effective ingredients—that's why first applications quickly ease itching sores and thus help nature promote a faster healing. Still available in 5¢, 60¢, \$1. Liquid or Ointment form. One trial convinces! Real severe cases may need \$1.25 EXTRA strength. All drugstores.

Evil Offspring
Jealousy is said to be the offspring of love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.—Hare.

GAS SO BAD CROWDS HEART

"My bowels were so sluggish and my stomach so bad I was just miserable. Sometimes gas bloated me until it seemed to crowd my heart. I tried Adlerka. Oh, what relief! The gas was gone like magic." Adlerka removed the gas and waste matter and my stomach feels so good!"—Mrs. S. A. McLean. If gas is your stomach and bowels from constipation slows you up and your gasp for breath, take the tablespoonful of Adlerka and notice how the stomach GAS is relieved almost at once. Adlerka often moves the bowels at least three times a day. Adlerka is BOTH carminative and cathartic, containing five carminatives to warm and soothe the bowels, expel GAS, and three cathartics to clear the bowels and relieve intestinal nerve pressure.

Sold at all drug stores

WNU-12 17-40

Thoughts Return

Thoughts come back; beliefs persist; facts pass by, never to return.—Goethe.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove wastes that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling of ankles under the eyes, feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disease are small, burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doing so we are making new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

BIG TOP



JEFF GAVE ORDER'S TO 'BLINK' POWERS, HIS BOSS CANVASMAN.

By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA — He Ought to Stop When He Reaches the Ocean



By RUBE GOLDBERG

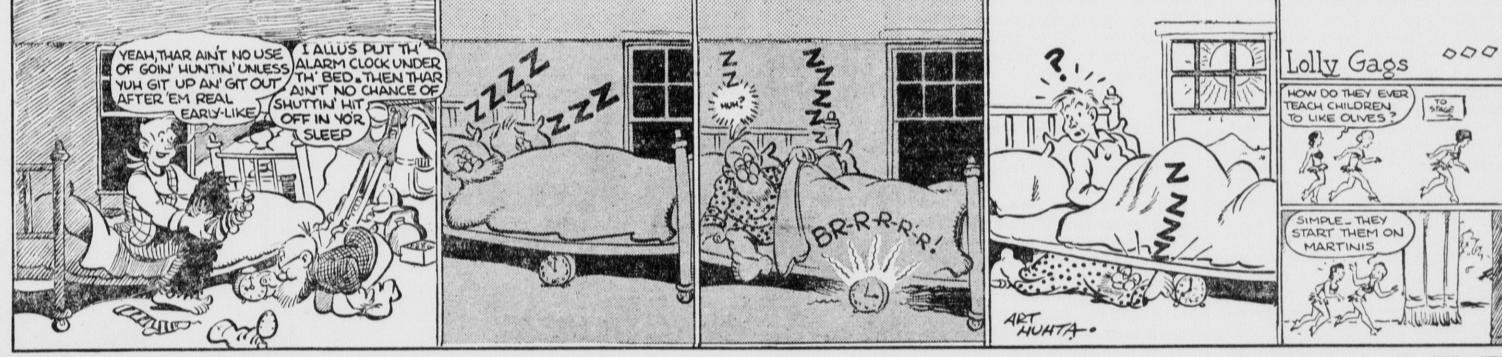
S'MATTER POP— Someone Gettin' Cheated



By C. M. PAYNE

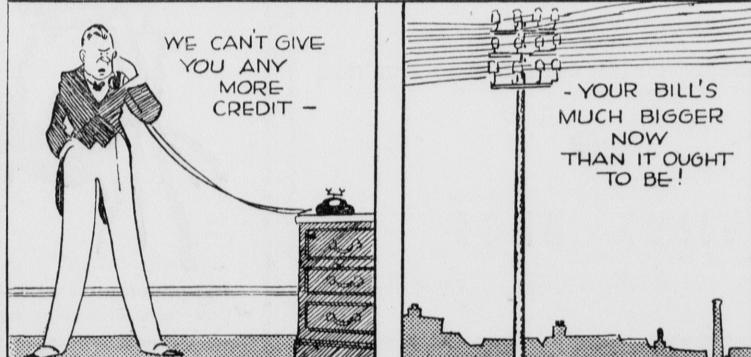
MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTER

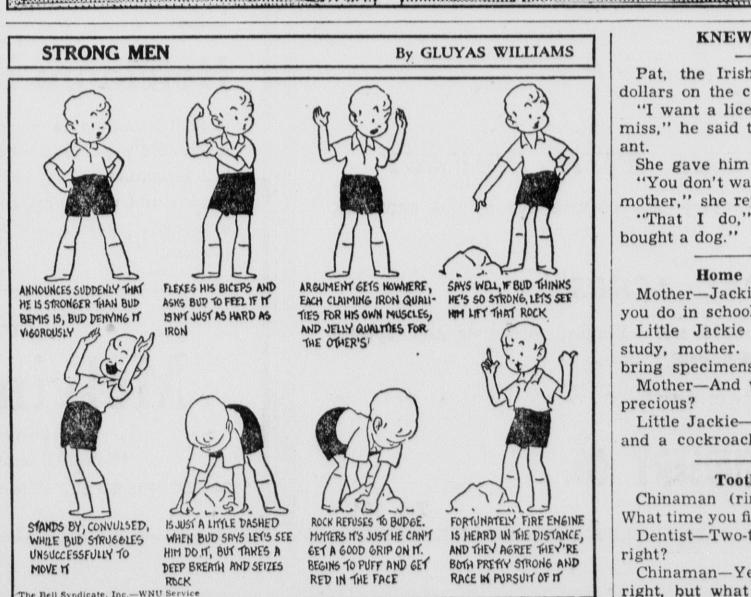


Pa Has Quite a System

POP— Adjustment Necessary



By J. MILLAR WATT



KNEW BETTER

Pat, the Irishman, placed three dollars on the counter.

"I want a license for my mother, miss," he said to the young attendant.

She gave him a superior look.

"You don't want a license for your mother," she replied.

"That I do," said Pat, "she's bought a dog."

Home Specimens

Mother—Jackie, dear, what did you do in school today?

Little Jackie—We had nature study, mother. Each pupil had to bring specimens from home.

Mother—And what did you bring, precious?

Little Jackie—I brought a bedbug and a cockroach.

Tooth Hurty

Chinaman (ringing up dentist)—What time you fixee teeth for me?

Dentist—Two-thirty. Is that all right?

Chinaman—Yes, tooth hurty, all right, but what time you fixee?

Cheerful News

REDS EVICT 450,000 FINNS FROM HOMELAND

TEN DAYS NOTICE GIVEN FAMILIES TO VACATE

MASS MIGRATION OF FINNS FROM LANDS LEDED SOVIET BEGINS

HOMES DEVASTATED, FINLAND STARTS RECONSTRUCTION

COURAGE DOESN'T WIN WARS ANYMORE. IT'S A CASE OF WHICH SIDE HAS THE MOST BOMBING PLANES AND SUBMARINES

MR. AND MRS. WREN HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR HOME FOR THE SUMMER

The Rescue of an Old Wicker Chair

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THIS chair, now so smart in its sateen cover, button tufting and moss fringe trimming, barely escaped the trash burner. It had been such a comfortable chair that everyone hated to see it go. Sis said it was out-of-date and positively untidy. Someone suggested it might be covered. Mother said that wouldn't be a bad idea if it could be padded first! That gave Sis a brain wave. Why not tuft it? By pushing a long darning needle back and forth through



the cover, padding and openings in the wicker? She had been wanting a tufted chair, so work began at once.

The sagging arm rest, magazine holder and frayed wicker around the legs were removed. The chair was padded and covered, as shown, and a new seat cushion was added. The tufting was done by sewing through tightly with heavy carpet thread; adding a button on each side of the stitch.

NOTE: Detailed directions for changing an old iron bed into the latest style are given in Mrs. Spears' Book No. 3; also how to make "The Rug That Grew Up With the Family." Thirty other fascinating ideas for homemakers. If you want to use this idea, better clip it out now for back numbers cannot be supplied. Don't delay in sending name and address with 10 cents coin for Book No. 3. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills New York
Enclose 10 cents for Book No. 3.
Name
Address

FEEL GOOD

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels
Nature's Remedy If you think all laxatives act alike, try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable and free from kick because it is biologically sound, not tired feeling when associated with constipation. Without Risk get a 25c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get NR Tablets today. **NR TOMORROW ALRIGHT**

Again Wounded
When time has assuaged the wounds of the mind, he who unseasonably reminds us of them opens them afresh.—Ovid.

THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR NERVOUS BEING NERVOUS

Read These Important Facts!

Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard, cranky and mope your life a nightmare of jealousy, self pity and "I'm not good enough."

Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. See famous Dr. E. P. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound help calm unquiet nerves and lessen functional "irregularities." For over 60 years relieving "irregularities." Dr. E. P. Pinkham's Compound has helped tens of thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need." Try it!

Condition as Character
He that has character need have no fear of his condition: Character will draw conditions after it.—Beecher.

Black Leaf 40
Kills Many Insects
ON FLOWERS • FRUITS
VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

For Long Life
Every man desires to live long, but no man desires to be old.—Swift.

WIELAND'S EXTRA PALE LAGER BEER
Good TASTE!
Good CHEER!

The Bell Syndicate, Inc.—WNU Service

**CENTERVILLE STUDENTS
PRESENT PROGRAM**

The students of the Centerville grammar school presented the following program in the school assembly hall Tuesday afternoon.

"Down on the Farm", Orchestra
"Glow Worm", Bleking, Second and third grades, Rhythm Band.

"Ay Ay Ay" (Spanish song), Orchestra.

"Children of Spain", Operetta. Members of fifth and sixth grades: Harold Alameda, Alfred Gomes, Alwin Lewis, Norval Peixotto, James Pickler, Alvin Soares, Arthur Thomas, Evelyn Costa, Bernice Gabriel, Eva Jason, Beth Kink, Annette Kirkish, Mihoko Shimizu, Ethel Wauhab.

"Forever March", Orchestra.
"America", by assembly.

Those attending the program had an opportunity to inspect work of the students which was exhibited.

**WARM SPRINGS PLAYERS
TO SHOW AT CENTERVILLE**

"Suwannee River," a four-act comedy which has been presented by the Warm Springs Community Players at Warm Springs, Berryessa and Irvington, will be given at the Washington Union high school on Friday, May 10, for the benefit of the Centerville Lions club.

All friends of the Lions are asked to support this program which will be given under the direction of Berkeley Buckingham WPA recreational worker. Those in the cast are John Cattaneo, Rose Ramos, Bob Oaks, Bernadine Nunes, L. H. Maffey, Bert Dutra and Flossie Lawrence. The performance will start at 8:30 o'clock.

Griddle Cakes Win

By A. W. PEACH
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WNU Service.

BOB looked at her with troubled eyes. "Well, it's come, Ellen." He twirled a letter in his hand. She smiled at his gloomy face. "What has?"

He shook the letter. "Remember, I told you—when you marry me, you take Dad in the bargain; and believe me, he is a fearful old crab."

"Why, dear, what a way to talk of your father!" she said a bit shocked.

"But that's what he is! I love him in spite of it, but I hate to tangle you up with him. He wants me to bring you out to the house, probably to decide whether you will make a fit wife for me or not. It's none of his business, but it's very much his way. Now, will you go?"

"Why, of course, I'll go," she said laughing.

Ellen in the days following before their departure had her moments of serious doubt and worry. Suppose Bob's father should take a dislike to her? The real reason for Bob's worry was his fear that the father he really loved would not care for the girl he loved.

"Well, there's nothing to do but go and be myself," Ellen advised herself.

It was a pleasant trip to the old village where Mr. Oakes had made his home, and Ellen, in spite of a bit of fear that broke through her happiness, enjoyed the journey.

When, hours later and a little weary, she came to the house set back far from the village street, it did look a bit dark and forbidding.

"Joyous place, isn't it? While mother was alive she made him have it painted, but now—nothing doing!" Bob said.

When they reached the door, it opened, and Ellen caught her breath, for the gray-headed man who appeared in it was bigger than Bob, and she had often felt that Bob was big enough.

"Well, here you are! Come in!" Mr. Oakes said shortly in a heavy voice.

Bob introduced her, and she looked up into cold, commanding eyes in which there was no light of cordiality. Ellen shivered inside.

Then a quaint, kindly old lady advanced, and Ellen met "Ma" Burton as Bob called her.

Then began a series of discoveries for Ellen. The house was in fearful shape—dusty in every corner, and the supper that night was ill-prepared.

"Well, can you stand it?" Bob asked her later, when he had lured her out into the quiet village for a stroll.

"I am not afraid of your father, but what a looking house!"

He chuckled. "Right, but 'Ma' is easy-going. It didn't look that way when mother was alive. He's growing old, you know, and—well, maybe something went out of him when mother died."

"Mrs. Burton told me while we were gossiping that one of her sisters was very ill. Can't you arrange it so she can get away and give me a chance at that house?"

He drew a long breath, his quick mind sensing her plan. "She'll go if I have to abduct her!"

How Bob worked it! Ellen did not know, but the next day, not without

some misgivings, she took charge. Bob enticed his father away to visit some distant property belonging to him, and Ellen "pitched in."

It was dusk before Bob and his father returned, but by that time she had the principal rooms in shape and supper prepared—with a bountiful supply of griddle-cakes which "Ma" had said Mr. Oakes loved but which she did not have the knack of making to suit him.

She heard them in the living room, then some one went into the library, then into the den on what was, she imagined, a tour of inspection.

"Pooh! Why he so nervous?" she warned herself. "If it doesn't seem like home to him, it does to me; and the old house needed it."

When she called them to supper, Mr. Oakes entered first, his strong old face showing no emotion and Bob, behind her, looked anxious though he winked at her.

When the griddle-cakes appeared, Mr. Oakes eyed them sourly as if with memories of griddle-cakes of the past. He tried one doubtfully, then another, and the scowl went—as did the cakes.

The climax came so quickly it took Ellen's breath. Mr. Oakes lifted his gray head, and he was smiling. "Now, you young fellow, let's talk things over. When are you going to be married?"

Where Quicksilver Comes From Quicksilver, or mercury, occurs in nature in a free state, both in lodes and placer deposits, but only in very small quantities. Commercial mercury is obtained chiefly from cinnabar ore, the sulphide of quicksilver, from which the pure mercury is extracted by subjecting it to high temperature and then condensing the vapor. The largest and richest deposit of mercury ore is at Almaden in central Spain. It has been worked since the time of the Romans.

Convictions

By STANLEY CORDELL
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WNU Service.

THIS is one of the many stories told me by Warden Lucius Dayton of the Hawkins state prison.

"Folks really haven't much idea about the duties of a warden," he said, smiling, "or the extent of their responsibility. Being in charge of a prison isn't like it used to be. A warden has to be something of a psychologist, has to know and understand human nature.

"Oh, we've had our share of difficult situations and difficult characters. I recall particularly the case of Rus Julian.

"He was only a young fellow when he came here to begin a seven to ten stretch. Young and full of bitterness and resentment. He'd lost his job a year or so before, and had difficulty in getting another. In fact, he didn't get another. He tried a couple of places and was turned down, and gave up trying. Instead, he got in with the wrong crowd. Within six months Rus was arrested twice for participating in riots.

"In prison or out it didn't make any difference to Rus. He was still pretty sort at the world, arrogant and contemptuous. In less than a week's time he had won himself a day in solitary for starting a disturbance over in B section.

"Two weeks later he saw the solitary cell a second time. After his third offense I sent him for, having in mind to talk to the boy, try and help him if I could.

"I learned a few new things about human nature as a result of that talk with Rus. Not that what I said or the way I acted helped or changed him any.

"I sent him away after awhile and everyone thought my talking to him had helped matters a lot. Six months passed and we had no more trouble from Rus. I was congratulated and complimented for my obvious ability to reason with and show a man the folly of his ways. But I knew they were wrong. I knew I had made no more impression on Rus than nothing at all. He had merely become smart. He had realized that a prison is no place for a man to assert himself, because his keepers hold the trump cards.

"My suspicions of what was going on were verified when a guard came to me on the morning of May 1 and said he'd heard rumors of a break over in section B. No one had any idea who was behind the movement—not a soul suspected Rus. He had turned out to be quite a model prisoner.

"I took the usual precautions and did the only thing that a warden could do under such circumstances: resigned myself to watchful waiting.

"A certain atmosphere of tension and expectancy existed at the prison. The guards were nervous and jittery.

"I had not put my suspicions of Rus into words, hoping that someone might volunteer a hazard that he was behind the rumors and thereby confirming my own ideas. But no one did and this caused me to hesitate. Fortunately I didn't hesitate quite long enough. Two days before the planned break—I learned it had been scheduled for the twenty-ninth—I called Rus into my office and had another talk with him. The results were the same, but it was because of my own re-

action that I decided to take the chance. When the interview was over I stood up and said: 'Rus, your mother is ill. She's asked that you be allowed to visit her, and I've granted her request.'

"Rus' jaw fell open and he stared. 'You mean I can go down and see—myself?'

"Yes. Of course, I'll expect you to report here. I'm putting you on your honor to do so."

"Perhaps you can guess how it all turned out. Rus went home to see his mother, with whom I had previously talked, securing her promise to co-operate, and three days later he was back. The point is here: I wasn't altogether right. Rus was due back the next day. He stayed away two days longer than I had told him he could. I had sense enough not to get alarmed, to spread the news of his escape. And instead of punishing him when he came back, I made him a trusty.

"No, there was no break or attempted break. Rus had been at the bottom of it all. Two years later he was pardoned, and his mother, with my help, had a job waiting for him when he got out.

"You see, the thing I had learned from Rus was this: He had had convictions, convictions to which he adhered even though it meant three times in solitary. I had had convictions, too—I was convinced that Rus was the type who, if placed on his honor, would not break a trust. But my convictions were not as strong as his—I lacked the courage to abide by them until almost before it was too late. I took a chance that day and sent him home to his mother. Thank heaven he taught me the lesson that when you believe strongly enough that you are right it's best to adhere to that belief."

Turkish Slave Ruled As Queen Over Egypt

In all of Egypt no woman was so beautiful as Shagru-Durr. Although she was but a Turkish slave girl, the mighty Sultan Salih fell in love at his first glimpse of her and made her his favorite wife. The sultan died, and his son, too; so the slave girl became the queen of Egypt and ruled in a lavish fashion.

Like every faithful Moslem, the queen desired to go to Mecca to purify herself and to win peace of soul, writes Walter Monfried in the Milwaukee Journal. One who has made that journey is called "hadj" and for the rest of his or her life is venerated by all of the faith.

She traveled from Cairo to Mecca in a gorgeous litter borne by camels. With her went a resplendent procession. The trip was long and difficult, but the queen won that full consolation which her faith afforded.

In the years that followed, the beautiful Shagru could not go to Mecca again, but she paid her tribute to Islam by sending handsome litters filled with royal gifts. After she died her pious survivors kept up the custom and each year sent a company of pilgrims with presents. The load of gifts was called mammal, which means something that carries or supports.

First American Flag

The tradition of the first American flag is that in May, 1777, Washington, accompanied by two of his officers, called upon Mrs. Ross, who operated an upholstering establishment, continuing a business left at the death of her husband, to make a flag of their design, and that this was the first American flag of the official pattern, adopted June 14, 1777. The matter is in dispute through claims that a flag of the same, or nearly the same, design had been used before. There is some rivalry or the honor associated with the origin of the flag; and confusion brought by painters and colonial story writers, who drew upon their imaginations to add interest to the legend, has invited the pressing of some rather nebulous claims. There is no historical account meeting with such approval as to warrant the assertion that it is the truth.

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this week on Thursday evening, as a part of the Public Schools Week program, according to Jack MacGregor, principal. The Newark school has been observing open house this week and exhibit of student's work was shown between 7 and 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, preceding the court of honor.

The Newark Fire Department installed a 30-foot flag pole at the Newark Fire House last week. It was a year, April 16th that the Newark Fire House was dedicated by the Washington Township Native Sons with Judge Norris officiating at that time.

A surprise house warming was given to Mr and Mrs Jim Hardy by a group of friends on last Wednesday evening. A good time was had by all. A number of friends and relatives were present. Mary Duarte and Postmaster Julia Ruschin attended a postmasters dinner in Livermore on Wednesday evening.

The children of 1940 will receive their first holy communion Sunday at the Saint Edwards Catholic church in Newark according to Father Flatley, pastor of the Newark church. Sisters of the Holy Family have been preparing the children. The classes in religion for the high school students will be resomed Monday afternoon at Alvarado and Monday evening at Newark.

Miss Cleo Cooper was a dinner guest with friends at San Jose on Sunday. Miss Francis Giorgone of San Francisco spent the week end with Miss Bernice Weber in Newark. The evening bridge club met at the home of Mrs Ray Tresscott on Friday evening. Refreshments were served.

The Women's Improvement club met at the home of Mrs Sam Scott on Tuesday evening. Refreshments were served.

Edward Matrin and Fred Noia of Newark spent the week end visiting friends in San Francisco.

Miss Cleo Cooper spoke at the Eden-Washington Farm Center on Tuesday on 4-H club work.

Mrs Daisy Cooper and daughter Cleo spent Friday in Oakland on a fishing trip.

The Newark Farm Home Department held their regular meeting on Friday April 26 at the home of Mrs W. T. Lowe. Project of the day was clothing construction and nomination and election of officers for the coming year.

The Stitch-em-up club met at the home of Mrs Sam Scott on Friday afternoon. Refreshments were served, and the birthday of Mrs W. Q. Wright was honored.

Edward Kettman, teacher of piano, who recently announced his engagement to Miss Katherine Lewis of Centerville is having a new home built on Arden street by contractor, Frank Ferreira.

Mr and Mrs Joe Ferreira are expecting to occupy their new home on Thornton avenue by the end of the month of April.

Mrs A S Caldeira is spending several days with Mr and Mrs M. Smith in Centerville.

Mr and Mrs Frank George of Centerville, and Mr and Mrs Joe Machado of Newark attended the Sportsmen show at Oakland Saturday evening.

Mrs F. A. Muller was a business visitor in Oakland Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs W. J. Gould and son William spent Sunday in Stockton at the bedside of J. H. Gould, who is seriously ill and not expected to recover.

Mrs Katherine Anderson spent last week at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr and Mrs

Clarence Anderson of Hayward where she is recuperating from her recent illness.

The Newark newly-organized Rod and Gun club will hold their first annual cowboy dance at the Swiss park June 1st with music by the Oklahoma Ramblers from Oakland. George Oliveria is chairman of the committee for the dance. Andrew G. Stetz spent Friday in Modesto visiting friends.

Mrs M. Fyffe and daughter Anna spent the week end with her son and daughter-in-law. Mr and Mrs William Fyffe in Berkeley. Sunday they attended a dinner in honor of the birthdays of Mrs William Fyffe and Mrs Sadie Smyrl of Newark at the home of their mother, Mrs M. Belford, also of Berkeley.

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